Prechac (de)

THE Heroine Musqueteer: OR, THE FEMALE Warrier.

A TRUE HISTORY:

Very delightful, and full of Pleasant Adventures in the Campagnes of 1676, & 1677.

Translated out of French.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Magnes* and *R. Bentley*, in *Russel-street* in *Covent-Garden*, and *J. Tonson*, at the *Judges-head* in *Chancery-Lane*, near *Fleet-street*. 1678.

To the Right Honourable the Count *De Louvigny*, Governor of *Navar* & *Bearn*.

My Lord,

IN making you a Present of the *Heroine Musqueteer*, I do but restore you what already belongs to you: *Bearn*, where she was born, is a Province so sensible of its Real Obligations

gations to my Lord Marſhal, your Father, and You, that the Honours paid you as Fathers of your Country, exceed thoſe they owe you as Governours of it. The kindneſs you have for the Province in general, and particularly for thoſe of *Bearn*, is ſo well known, that many younger Brothers quit their Fathers Houſes with incredible Confidence,

fidence, and run commonly into the Armies, without any thing to truſt to but your Protection, which generally proves more uſeful to them than their Patrimony, by your bounty and liberality to ſuch as are in need of it, and the Favours and Imployments you help them to who deſerve it. This, my Lord, gives me hopes you will vouch-

ſafe your Protection to a *Heroine* you have ingag'd in the ſervice by the Fame of your Great Actions in *Poland*, *Flanders*, *Holland*, and *Germany*, which ſickneſs only and infirmities have been able to put a ſtop to. My intereſt, (had I no other reaſons) would have ingag'd me to pay you this Homage, the beſt defence I could provide for my

Book,

Book, being the prefixing your Name to it. It belongs properly to the Jurisdiction of the Fair Sex to pass sentence on Works of this Nature; and I have reason to believe my little Story, appearing under the Protection of a Person of your Quality (who are not only the greatest Gallant of the Court, but have the best Meen, and are most in favour with

with the Ladies) will be kindly received, as having been written only for your divertisement, and to give me the occasion of a publick acknowledgement with what Profound Respect I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most humble and most obedient Servant,

Prechac.

THE
Heroine Musqueteer:
OR, THE
FEMALE WARRIER.

BEARN, though one of the leaſt Provinces ſubject to the Crown of *France*, may be accounted among the moſt conſiderable, for the great number of Soldiers it ſends into the Armies. It hath the honour of giving Birth to the Renowned Prince, *Henry* the Great, and the Priviledges he granted it are ſufficient proof of the eſteem he had for the Inhabitants. And thoſe who now ſerve the King in

his Wars, have made it appear they have not degenerated from the vertues of their Ancestors. Besides, as if it were not enough for this Province to produce Heroes in an Age, when all parts of *France* furnish such plenty of them, it hath signaliz'd it self in giving Birth to a Heroine, who seems to have forgot the infirmities of her Sex, to assume the vigour and generosity of the Masculine, without losing the beauty and sweetness of her own, and to compose of both, the most perfect Person in the Universe.

Her Name is *Christina*, Daughter to the Baron of *Meyrac*, one of the most Eminent of the Province, though less known at Court than in his Countrey, where he spent all his days. He had an only Son brought up at the Colledge of *Pau*, whom he design'd to send timely to *Paris* to learn his Exercises, the better

ter to fit him for the King's service, in the Armies where he intended to provide him employment. *Christina* was bred at home with her Parents as their darling; she naturally had that strong inclination for Arms, she knew sooner how to discharge a Gun, than to handle a Distaff; and at nine years old could handle and use all sorts of Fire-arms with incredible dexterity. She was extremely averse from Learning to read, and to perswade her now and then to look on a Book, they were oblig'd to permit her to go a-hunting twice a week; but to purchase a pound of Powder she would do any thing, how difficult soever. This for a time was a divertisement to her Parents; till *Christina* having one day shot at Pidgeons in a Barn full of Corn, it unfortunately took fire, which consum'd a great part of it, though a great many hands were presently

at work to quench it. At this, the Baron was ſo offended with his Daughter, that he would not ſee her for many days, nor pardon her, but upon condition ſhe would never handle a Gun. Poor *Chriſtina* was very glad to be re-admitted upon any terms into the favour of a Father, ſo ſevere as ſhe knew hers to be: but that way of living being quite againſt her temper, a week was ſcarce paſt, but there appear'd a viſible alteration in her looks. This alarm'd her Mother, who tenderly lov'd her, and having often, but in vain, endeavour'd to prevail with her Husband in favour of his Daughter, to remit a little of the rigour of his orders; ſhe order'd a Gun to be carried to a Neighbour's, where *Chriſtina*, by agreement with her Mother, ſometimes reſorted: And not daring to go a-Hunting, leſt the Father ſhould know it, ſhe ſhot at a mark

for

for her exercise. This restraint but heightned her passion for Hunting and Shooting, as she made sufficiently appear by the advantages she took of her Father's absence, in a Journey about that time.

The Baron in the Vacations sent for his Son home, and Hunting being the principal Recreation of Countrey-Gentlemen, scarce a day past, but his Son made a match with his Friends for that sport: He never went forth, but *Christina* was cruelly vext, she could not make one of the Game, and when he return'd, she was not less troubled for the pleasure she fancied he had enjoy'd, and she was unjustly debarr'd from, and seeing her Brother come every day home laden with Game that he had taken, she could not forbear tormenting her self for fear he would leave none for her.

One day, as the Baron and his

Son were a-Hunting, a Farmer came to the Castle to make his complaint of the great spoil done in his Corn by a wild Boar, and to beg assistance for killing him. The Baroness being assur'd the Boar never fail'd coming to the Corn in the Twilight, promis'd to take order in it, and dismist the Countrey-man. *Christina* having over-heard the discourse, said not a word to her Mother, lest she might endeavour to divert her from her design; but charg'd her Gun with two bullets, and as it began to be dark, went away to the place the Countrey-Man had spoken of, and to make the surer work, got up into a Tree a little distant from the Corn, with a resolution to wait there the coming of the Boar. The same Countrey-man having met the Baron's Son as he return'd from Hunting, told him the story, who loth to lose so fair an occasion instantly

ſtantly turn'd back into the Field, and fearing he was come too late, ſtole gently a-croſs the Corn, and attended the Boar's coming near half an hour: But growing impatient of longer ſtay, he reſolv'd to retire. His Siſter in the Tree, not well able to diſcern what ſhe imagin'd ſhe ſaw, the Corn being high and night come on, made no doubt but it was the Boar ſtirring up and down; and to loſe no time, diſcharg'd her Gun, and kill'd her Brother. As he fell he cry'd out for help, which ſo troubled the unfortunate *Chriſtina*, that ſhe preſently fell down from the top of the Tree. The Countrey-man running in at the noiſe of the Gun, immediately met *Chriſtina* tearing her ſelf like a Woman diſtracted, and thought the Boar had wounded her: He ask'd her ſeveral queſtions, which ſhe anſwer'd not, but he took her up, and help'd her to walk a few

ſteps. When ſhe found her ſelf in a condition to go alone, ſhe order'd him to make all the haſte in his power to let the Baron know his Son lay a-dying, having been dangerouſly wounded by the Boar; with that ſhe made away as faſt as ſhe could poſſibly, not knowing whither to betake her ſelf. Having travell'd above an hour ſhe found her ſelf near a Caſtle belonging to the Abbot *Dizeſte*, who was extremely ſurprized to ſee her ſo bloated with crying, and at that time of the night. But *Chriſtina*, having given him as good an account of her misfortune as ſhe could in the caſe ſhe was in, the Abbot who was her Fathers very near Kinſman, inſtantly got on Horſe-back, and arriv'd at the Caſtle, the very moment they brought in the body of the poor Gentleman, who having loſt much blood for want of help, dy'd in the Arms.

Arms of the Chirurgeon who firſt dreſt him. All things in the Caſtle were in ſuch a confuſion, the Abbot could not learn the truth of the accident. The people would needs believe the Boar had kill'd the Gentleman, though they found two bullets in his body: But the Baron and his Lady, not finding *Chriſtina*, made no doubt but it was her act; and though they believ'd ſhe had don't by misfortune, the Baron was ſo tranſported with paſſion, for the loſs of his Son, that he made ſearch for his Daughter all over the Town, with his Piſtol in his hand, to ſacrifice her to his Wrath. The Abbot being told of it, ran after him, and having ſaid to him all that might be expected on ſuch an occaſion, he brought him back to the Caſtle, where he made uſe of many tedious diſcourſes to comfort him, but all to no purpoſe. Two Capuchins

came in at the noiſe of the diſaſter, and the Abbot having left them the care of comforting of the Baron, return'd home to bring *Chriſtina* the news of her Brother's Death, and the danger ſhe was in, if her Father ſhould diſcover where ſhe was; yet he aſſured her of his protection, and that he would never forſake her.

Returning two days after to *Meyrac*, he was not a little ſurpriz'd to find the Capuchins exhortations had not abated in the leaſt the grief of the Baron, nor diminiſh'd his anger, but that he perſiſted in his reſolution to be the death of his Daughter, and would not admit of his Wife into his preſence, becauſe ſhe had been prevailed upon to ſpeak to him a word or two, in favour of the unfortunate *Chriſtina*. This oblig'd the Abbot to hold a conference with two or three Kinſmen more of the Barons, and to debate

debate the buſineſs with them, and find out ſome means to ſave her from her Father's reſentment. After long diſcourſe, it was agreed ſhe ſhould be ſent into *Spain*; and *Arragon* being not above nine or ten Leagues from *Bearn*, and the Abbot having a Brother ſettled at *Saragoſa* many years, he was intreated to bear her company thither, and recommend her to his Brother; which he readily promis'd. *Chriſtina*, troubled as ſhe was, receiv'd with joy the reſult of this conference, and put her ſelf in a poſture to be gone on the morrow, according to order: but the Abbot having reflected in the night on the conſequences of the intended Journey, found in it ſo many difficulties, that he had almoſt alter'd his reſolution by morning. He foreſaw the beauty of *Chriſtina* would make a great noiſe in a ſtrange Countrey, being at twelve years old

far

far taller and handſomer than Maids of that Age ordinarily are, and eſpecially in *Spain*, where the Women are generally very low: beſides, he apprehended the frank humour of his Kinſ-woman, and the inclinations ſhe had ſo different from the reſt of her Sex, would hardly ever agree with the Genius of a Nation, where Women are oblig'd to live with a great deal of circumſpection, and that it might prove very troubleſome to his Brother. But the buſineſs was urgent, and he muſt reſolve: *Chriſtina* perceiving him waver, ask'd him the reaſon, he acquainted her with the difficulties he apprehended, and added, it was not decent or fit a young Maid ſhould run rambling into a ſtrange Countrey. *Chriſtina* longing to get out of her Father's reach, whom ſhe fear'd, and having a paſſionate deſire to ſee *Spain*, propos'd to the Abbot, that if he would

would give her leave, ſhe would put on Boys Cloathes: And that ſhe might have a plauſible pretence for ſtaying in *Spain*, he need no more but tell his Brother he brought him a young Kinſman to learn *Spaniſh*, and ſtudy ſome Months in the Univerſity of *Saragoſa*. The Abbot at firſt boggled at the propoſal as ridiculous and childiſh. But finding her perſiſt in it, and promiſing ſhe would ſo diſguiſe her ſelf, they ſhould never diſcover her Sex, he was perſwaded by her. And having cauſed her to be privately put into a habit ſuitable to her inclinations, he thought ſhe became it ſo well, that he made no more ſcruples, but parted the next day with her for *Saragoſa*. Being arrived there, they were receiv'd by his Brother with incredible joy and abundance of thanks, that he would truſt him with the Education of a Kinſman of ſo promiſing a meen.

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The Abbot returned, and Don *Lorenzo* his Brother, took pleaſure in making proviſion of neceſſaries for his young Kinſman. Schollars in *Spain* wear long, looſe, black Veſts like the *Jeſuits*; a Habit that ſerved very well to make *Chriſtina* look taller and handſomer, and her Hair being of a delicat brown, and cut after the *Spaniſh* mode, had an admirable effect upon the beholders. She no ſooner appear'd in the Univerſity, but ſhe drew after her the Eyes and the Hearts of the Students. It is incredible what an advantage this was to the *French* Nation; for *Spain* being a Countrey inconvenient for Travellers, few Perſons of Quality go thither. And they ſeldom have amongſt them any *French*, unleſs it be ſome poor Labourers of the Mountains of *Auvergne*, *Limoſin*, and *Bigorre*, who for very ſmall wages do all manner of Drudgery. And

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the *Spaniards*, who are naturally lazy, are willing to imploy *Frenchmen* who serve them for money. This is the reason the People of those Countreys, who seldom travel abroad, slight the *French* as they do, judging of the whole Nation by those they see amongst them. This general prejudice heightened their astonishment; who admir'd the beauty of *Christina*, and call'd her *The Handsom Frenchman*. Every one strove to be acquainted with the Stranger; and her Reputation was in a short time so well settled at *Saragosa*, that those of the best Quality there order'd their Children, to get acquaintance with the young *Frenchman*, and to make him their Friend.

The Marquess *d'Osseyra* then a Student there, went every morning to take him with him in his Coach to the University, and Don *Philip de Palafox*, Son to the Marquess

ques *d'Arizza*, brought him back for the most part in his. He visited these two young Lords oftner than any other, especially the Marques *d'Osseyra*, who took pleasure to teach him *Spanish*, and tell him when he spoke amiss. This Gentleman had a Sister married to the Marques *d'Aytona*; who having heard an excellent Report of the handsome *Frenchman*, desired her Brother to bring him with him to her House, proposing to her self the pleasure to be expected from the Conversation of two young Lads of their Age. But she found it more charming, and was so satisfied with the first Visit, that she pray'd her Brother to bring him often to her; being extremly delighted to see him and hear him speak. To engage him to come again, she presented him with a Sword, and her Brother with another, which they carried commonly

monly under their Gowns, as the Schollars in *Spain* uſually do. This Preſent was fatal to them both: For as they were going homewards one Evening very late, they met other Schollars who knew the *Handſom-Frenchman*, and could not forbear (out of a Natural-antipathy againſt the *French*) to give him ill-language and call him *French-bougre*. The Marqueſs *d'Oſſeyra*, thinking himſelf concern'd in their ill-uſage and incivility, and not daunted with the number of his Enemies, charged them vigorouſly with his Sword in his hand. The *Handſom-Frenchman* ſeconded him ſo well, that they two beat back five Men above thirty paces; till putting on too far, they were at laſt forc'd to give Ground, oppreſt with numbers of freſh aſſailants. The Marqueſs had a ſlight wound on the Face, and the *Handſom-Frenchman* receiv'd a

cut

cut upon the Belly. Some Tradeſmen getting out of their Shops, the Marqueſs diſcovered himſelf, and the Schollars took the heels to avoid the puniſhment their inſolence deſerv'd. The wounded Perſons were carried home to the Marchioneſs *d'Oſſeyra's*, who was ſo troubled at the news of her Sons being wounded, that ſhe ſwooned away twice: but the Chirurgeon having convinc'd her it was only a Scratch, ſhe turn'd all her care towards the Pretty *Frenchman*, who would not not be ſearch'd though they perceiv'd him loſe much blood: but he was obſtinate, and all they could ſay could not prevail with him to let the Chirurgeon ſee his wound. The part he was wounded in troubl'd him more than the wound, as fore-ſeeing it impoſſible to keep the ſecret of his Sex undiſcover'd among ſuch a Croud as waited

waited there to see the first dressing. Being prest, and seeing them ready to force him to give way for the Chirurgeon to search the wound, he desired to speak a word with the Marchioness in private; and told her, that for very substantial reasons she should one day be acquainted with, she had been oblig'd to disguise her Sex; and begg'd of her by all that's Good, not to discover her, and to charge the Chirurgeon not to do it. The Marchioness surpriz'd at the news, promis'd what she desir'd: and having commanded all the rest to quit the Room but the Chirurgeon, she remain'd alone with him and *Christina*, whose wound appear'd not dangerous: and the Chirurgeon undertook it should be cured in five or six days. The Marquiess not able to comprehend why his Friend was so scrupulous, earnestly begg'd his Mother to tell him what he had said to her

her in private, and why ſhe made all the Company quit the Room: She gave him an anſwer that ſatisfied him.

In the mean time, Don *Lorenzo* coming in haſtily, upon the news of his Kinſman being wounded, would have carried him home; but the Marchioneſs refuſing her conſent, told him, His Kinſman had been wounded in the defence of her Son, and ſhould not go out go out of her Houſe uncur'd. On the Morrow Don *Lorenzo* renew'd his Requeſt to have his Kinſman home, whom he lov'd as tenderly as if he were his Son. The Marchioneſs ſtuck to her firſt Reſolution; and the Chirurgeon who had the *Frenchman* in cure coming in, Don *Lorenzo* would have the ſatisfaction to ſee the condition of the Wound: but the Marchioneſs obſtinately refuſing him a ſight of it, without giving him any tolerable reaſon, Don

Lorenzo

Lorenzo fancy'd his Kinſman mortally wounded, and that to be the cauſe of her obſtinate refuſals. This made him ſend for two very able Chirurgeons, in whom he thought he might place an entire confidence. And when they were come, he pray'd them to ſee the Wound, and give him their Judgment of it. *Chriſtina* more troubled with the unſeaſonable kindneſs of her Kinſman than the pains of her Wounds, was forc'd to impart the ſecret to him, as well as to the Marchioneſs, that ſhe might be at eaſe from his importunate Care of her. Don *Lorenzo* could hardly believe her, and thought they but jeſted with him, till the Marchioneſs ſeriouſly affirmed it. *Chriſtina* was perfectly cur'd in a ſhort time, and ſooner perhaps than ſhe could have wiſh'd, imagining a Secret known to ſo many, could not long be kept private. She was loath to expoſe her ſelf to

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the discretion of so many; and having retir'd to Don *Lorenzo*'s, notwithstanding the resistance made by the Marchioness, she was dress'd in Maids Apparel, and so continu'd thenceforwards, being so asham'd of what had happen'd to her, that she would not stir out of her Chamber.

The Young Marquels *d'Osseyra* hearing the news, went to Don *Lorenzo*'s to see his old Comarade, more out of curiosity than on any other account. The Marchioness *d'Aytona* long'd extremely to see *Christina*, and take her home to her. But *Christina* obstinately refus'd to receive any Visit. And to be rid of their importunity, prayed her Kinsman to put her into a Nunnery for some time, and to give it out she was returned into *France*. Don *Lorenzo* approved the design, and made a Visit to the Lady Abbess of the *Ursulines*, to intreat her to receive a Kinswoman of his into the

number of her Penſioners. All things being agreed on, *Chriſtina* was privately put into the Covent of *Urſulines*, where ſhe was kindly entertain'd, her beauty gaining her the affection of all that ſaw her. And when ſhe had been there long enough to give them a taſte of her Wit and good Humour, the good Nuns were ſingularly well-pleaſed with her Company; and ſhe gain'd ſo great a Reputation among the Penſioners, that they did nothing without her advice. She ſpent about ſix Months in this Place of Refuge and Security, from the great power of Fortune; who vext to ſee her ſo much at eaſe, cut her out more work, and raiſed her new troubles, which forc'd her out of her port to be toſt with freſh turmoils.

The Prelats of *Spain* are very exact in viſiting Religious-Houſes, as well for encouragement of the Nuns who have great veneration for

for them, as to diſcharge the duty of their Paſtoral-office. The Arch-biſhop of *Saragoſa* going to viſit the Covent of *Urſulines*, the Nuns having receiv'd his Benediction, treated him with a pretty merry Comedy, wherein *Chriſtina* acted the part of Don *Sancho Abarca* King of *Arragon*, and did it admirably well. The Arch-biſhop who had ſeveral times ſeen *Chriſtina* a Student, looking on her in Man's Habit on this occaſion, preſently knew her; and the more eaſily, for that *Chriſtina* being extremely handſom and of more than ordinary ſtature, there was ſcarce ſuch another to be ſeen in *Spain*. The Comedy being ended, the good Nuns who expected great applauſe for performing ſo well, were aſtoniſht to ſee the Prelat's Face glow with indignation and anger: He called the Superior aſide with two of the graveſt Nuns; and told them, he was very

very much ſcandaliz'd to ſee that in contempt of the Rules of their Order, and to the great ſcandal of ſo many Devout Souls in the Covent, they had the boldneſs to introduce into it a Young Man to act his part in the Comedy. The Nuns look'd on one another without ſaying a word: The Superiour more ſurpriz'd than the reſt ſpoke for her ſelf, and aſſured the Archbiſhop there was not a Man among the Actors; and that every part of the Comedy was acted by ſuch only as ſhe very well knew, and had long been of the Houſe. The Archbiſhop thinking himſelf as fully aſſur'd of the contrary, asked her who acted Don *Sancho*, and how long that Perſon had been of the Houſe: The Superiour anſwer'd, it was a *French* Maid, a Kinſwoman of Don *Lorenzo*'s, who recommended her very earneſtly to them, and one who behaved her

ſelf very well. How credulous are you, poor Innocents, ſays the Archbiſhop, you have taken in a Wolf, and lock'd him up among the Sheep. The good Souls were preſently nonpluſt; and without further inquiry, pray'd the Prelate the Criminal might be inſtantly arreſted, and brought to Exemplary Puniſhment. The Archbiſhop being a Perſon of more than ordinary diſcretion, was not of their mind, but repreſented to them the inconveniencies might attend the publiſhing this buſineſs, which would be matter of laughter and ſport to the World, and a diſhonour to the Convent; adding, that without doubt the Young Man had been blindly led away with a violent Paſſion he had for ſome one of the Penſioners; that they ſhould watch and endeavour to ſurprize them, and then have them Married. The Nuns received with a great

great deal of respect the Archbishops Counsel; and having given him thanks, promis'd to follow his Advice. He was no sooner gone, but the Supetiour called for the Sister who had the Government of the Pensioners, and having made particular and exact inquiry into *Christina*'s Life, and which of the Pensioners she was most intimate with, she found she lived in very strict Correspondence and Amity with *Zeraphine Cortes*, one of the handsomest Sisters in the Convent, and a considerable Fortune: That same, without doubt, is the Wretch hath yielded up her Honour, and profaned our Convent, says the Superiour; and forgetting the secresie the Archbishop had recommended to her, immediately she call'd a Convocation, and with tears in her eyes declar'd to the Sisters the misfortune befallen their Convent, and desir'd their advice in that im-

portant Affair. Many, eſpecially the Elder Nuns, inſenſible of the pleaſures of Youth, were for delivering the Criminals into the hands of the Secular Juſtice. But it was carried by Majority of Voices, and reſolved, that *Chriſtina* and her ſuppos'd Miſtreſs ſhould be lock'd up apart in ſeveral Cells, and fed only with Bread and Water, till the Archbiſhop ſhould prevail with Don *Franciſco Cortes* for his Pardon, and conſent for Marriage. The Criminals were accordingly call'd to the Bar, where they received as ſevere Reprimands as anger could ſuggeſt. *Chriſtina* who at firſt thought all done in Railery, could not forbear laughing; but finding them in good earneſt ſhe ſtood upon her Juſtification, but to no purpoſe; for without giving her leave to ſpeak, they ſhut her up, and executed the Order of the Convocation with that vigor, they gave

give only pitiful old Pallets to lye on. *Chriſtina* ſent the Superiour word by her Keeper, that to know her miſtake, ſhe need only have her ſearch'd; and that ſhe would moſt willingly undergo any puniſhment if ſhe were not as other Women. This was reported to the Superiour; but the Nuns were all ſo prepoſſeſt, that there was not one in the Convent would undertake ſearching her, for fear of meeting ſome Bug-bears the Nuns are terribly afraid of. Don *Franciſco Cortes* being privately told of the buſineſs, was for having them puniſh'd as Vitiated Veſtals, and buried alive. The Archbiſhop who was for moderate courſes ſent for Don *Lorenzo*; and having aggravated the Enormity of the Crime he had committed in introducing his Kinſman among the Nuns in Womans Apparel, without giving him time to anſwer, he asked him

of what Quality and Fortune that Wretch was. Don *Lorenzo* aſtoniſht at this long Diſcourſe, gave him an account of *Chriſtina*'s Adventures, and made him clearly ſenſible of the Errour he had committed in the Judgment he made of thoſe two Young Perſons; and added, the Marchioneſs D' *Oſſeyra* would confirm all he told him. The Archbiſhop was ſatisfied, and went directly to the Convent to diſabuſe the poor Nuns, by acquainting them with all that had happen'd to *Chriſtina* ever ſince ſhe came into *Spain*. The Priſoners were ſet at Liberty, and having thank'd the Archbiſhop, were the firſt that laugh'd and diverted themſelves with their diſaſter. The Marchioneſs *D' Oſſeyra* underſtanding *Chriſtina* was in the Convent, and not gone into *France*, as had been reported, went to ſee her, with the Marchioneſs *D' Aytona* her

her Daughter, who was raviſh'd with her company. The young Marqueſs who was in the Country having heard the News by Letter from his Siſter, came away Poſt to ſee *Chriſtina*, who appear'd ſo Charming in her Natural Habit, that from that very moment the Friendſhip he had for her improv'd it ſelf into Admiration and Love: *Chriſtina* perceiving it by his diſcourſe, and the diſorder he appear'd in, would have withdrawn, telling him, unleſs he would alter his Language, he ſhould never ſee her more. The Marqueſs to keep her a little longer with him, promis'd all ſhe deſir'd, and pray'd her to admit him to viſit her at leaſt thrice a week, but ſhe gave him leave to ſee her only once a fortnight.

The Nuns, the mean while, ſtrove who ſhould firſt make her Peace with *Chriſtina* and her

Comrade, telling them how ſorry they were for their ill uſage; and upon this occaſion every one would needs perſwade them ſhe had voted in their favour, or at leaſt had ſtill a good opinion of them. But all agreed, that the Siſter who was over the Quire had been the moſt bitter againſt them; and when ſhe ſaw ſhe could not prevail to have them made away, ſhe inſiſted ſtrongly, they ſhould be made a publick example. *Chriſtina* had particular confidence in that Nun, and took her for her beſt Friend; for that the *Choire* and the Veſtry being under her Charge, ſhe often pray'd *Chriſtina* (who was very handy) to help her to wind up Ribband, and other little Offices, which ſhe did for her with ſingular dexterity and neatneſs. This Nun was prodigiouſly covetous, and not liking the Waxlights a Chandler provided for the

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Convent, ſhe would needs try the making ſome with the help of another Nun of her humour; but her Huſwifery prov'd ſo bad, and the Candles burnt ſo dim, they could ſcarce ſee by that light in the *Choire*; which was excellent ſport for the other Nuns, eſpecially the Penſioners, who hated her mortally: they reſolv'd to play her a Trick; *Chriſtina* having got ſome Powder, with the help of her dear Friend *Zeraphine Cortes*, ſow'd two Cords together, and having roll'd them up hollow, ſhe cover'd them with Wax, and fill'd them with Powder ſo neatly, that no body would have thought but they were Wax-Candles: they had the dexterity to put to them little Matches, which ſhould burn about half a quarter of an hour before the fire came at the Powder. At night, when prayer time in the *Choire* was come, they took away the

Lights that were in the Candlesticks, and put in theirs in their stead: as soon as they were lighted, they presently observ'd they burnt dimmer than ordinary; but this was no news: yet the good Sister (who thought they were her handy-work) impatient to see them cast so dull a light, would needs mend one of them, and take off a little Wax that was melted about it. By this time the Powder took fire, and went off like a Gun: the poor Nun fell flat on her back, and the rest were so amaz'd, they were ready to run away. One of the boldest of them running in to help the distressed Surintendant of the *Choire*, the other Candle fir'd with more noyse than the former: this put the poor Nuns into a perfect Confusion; the fearful run away, the rest staid to help their Companions; only *Christina* and her Friend were pleased with the disor-

diſorder, and laugh'd as if they would burſt. The Morrow they held many Arguments about the accident; moſt were of opinion the Devil had a hand in it, and that the Lights were bewitch'd: The Nun, Surintendant of the *Choire*, would no longer meddle with them, and the Superiour was forced to make uſe of her old Chandler again.

The Marchioneſs of *Aytona* being alone, by reaſon of her Huſbands abſence at *Madrid*, to attend his imployments there, had long (but in vain) wiſh'd to have *Chriſtina* at her Houſe; and being oblig'd on the Morrow for the Country, ſhe begg'd her company ſo earneſtly, it was not in her power to refuſe her. The Spaniſh Ladies have commonly as little divertiſement in the Country as in Town, being generally ſhut up in their Chambers, and receive no

Viſits

Visits but from their near Kindred. The Marques *D' Osseyra* made so good use of his priviledge of Brother, that he went every day to see his Sister, though not so much to Complement her, as to have a sight of *Christina*, with whom he was Charm'd. In one of his Visits he had the opportunity to declare his Passion for her, and let her know the violence of it in the tendereſt expressions, assuring her it should last while he lived. *Christina* interrupting him, intreated him to quit his Passion, and think no more of Love; since in the condition she was in, there was reason to believe he intended to make her his Mistress, and could not have any thoughts of Marrying a Stranger, being utterly unacquainted with her Quality and Fortune. But the Amorous Marques having sworn several times he would Marry her when she

pleas'd,

pleas'd, though *Chriſtina* was of all perſons the leaſt inclin'd to Love; to ſatisfie him, ſhe told him, if he would continue in the ſame mind two years, that ſhe might be convinc'd he had no ill deſign, ſhe would allow him the liberty to hope: that in the mean time ſhe expected it as an Evidence of his Love, to ſay no more of it, but reſt ſatisfied with her Promiſe. The Marqueſs had that reſpect for her, that he forthwith retir'd for fear of diſpleaſing her, and reſolv'd to keep ſilent the Paſſion he had for her two years, in hopes by ſo ſignal obedience to win upon, and maſter the inſenſibility of his Miſtreſs. The Marchioneſs had ſent for a Fowler who had the Reputation of the beſt Marks-man in *Spain*. One day in complaiſance to *Chriſtina*, ſhe went out in her Coach to ſee the skill of the Fowler, who made five ſhots at Partridges

tridges flying, and kill'd but two: however he was admir'd, so few there are in *Spain* that shoot flying. *Christina* slighting the pretended skill of the Fowler, lighted out of the Coach, and taking the Marques *D' Osseyra*'s Gun, made ready to shoot the first Partridge that sprung: By good fortune they put a Covy, *Christina* shot, and kill'd three of them; and unconcern'd at the Applause of the Spectators, new-charg'd her Gun: And having observ'd the Partridges light in two several places, she ordered two should be sprung (one from either place) and kill'd both with two several shots. The Marchioness & her Brother, could scarce believe what they saw: however they made her get in the Coach again, fearing so violent an Exercise might incommode her, and brought her back, in a manner, against her will.

About this time *Christina* received

ved Letters from *Bearn*, which brought her News of the Death of her Father, and the great desire her Mother had to see her. This oblig'd her to pray the Marchioness to bring her back to *Saragosa* to speak with her Kinsman about the present condition of her Affairs. At her return she was visited by most that knew her: Amongst the rest, her Ancient Comrades in the University pretended a right to make Love to her. Don *Philip de Palefox*, formerly mentioned, was one of those who appear'd most concern'd, to let her know they had more than ordinary kindness for her. Amidst all these Pretenders, she preserv'd her usual indifferency. Don *Philip* not discourag'd by the small Progress of his Amours, fancy'd he might better please her by a Serenade which he gave her. *Christina* who was not of the humour of the Spanish Ladies,

dies, who all love this kind of Entertainment, was ſo angry at the noyſe it made in the Street, where two or three perſons were abus'd on this occaſion, that ſhe would not ſee Don *Philip* any more, nor appear to any perſon, no not to the Marqueſs who lov'd her with the greateſt reſpect. Being thus depriv'd of the ſight of her, and not able to bear ſo killing a loſs, he inquir'd and learnt the cauſe of her anger, and reſolved to demand ſatisfaction from Don *Philip*, and did it with a great deal of courage, but ſo little ſucceſs, that he received two dangerous Wounds, and lay at the Mercy of his Rival, who taking his advantage, requir'd him to quit all pretence to *Chriſtina*. The Marqueſs chuſing rather to loſe his life than his Miſtreſs, Don *Philip* diſarm'd, and left him. The Marchioneſs *D' Oſſeyra* ſeeing her Son in that condition, and know-

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ing *Christina* was the cauſe of the Quarrel, was extremely offended with her. The Marchioneſs *d' Aytona* came to her, endeavouring to comfort and divert her from the violent reſolutions ſhe would have taken againſt *Chriſtina*; but could not prevail with her to forbear ſending Don *Lorenzo* word, that if *Chriſtina* ſtaid longer in *Spain*, ſhe would ſet fire on his Houſe. *Chriſtina*, who was preparing for her return, haſtened her Journey for *Bearne*; and coming home, was received by her Mother with a great deal of joy, as far as the different Paſſions of Joy for ſight of her beloved Daughter, and ſorrow for her Son, would allow her.

All the Perſons of Quality in that Country complemented her at her return, and ſeveral thought her ſo Amiable, that in leſs than a Month ſhe had many very advantagious Propoſals of Marriage:

Her

Her Mother had partly made a Promiſe of her to a Gentleman, one of the moſt conſiderable in thoſe parts. But *Chriſtina* who lov'd her liberty, whether ſhe had a ſecret inclination for the Marqueſs, or a natural averſion from Marriage, declar'd ſhe would not put her ſelf under a Maſter; and ſince ſhe was now in a Country where thoſe of her Sex are no Slaves, ſhe would enjoy her priviledge. The moſt concern'd, thought to overcome her with diligence of attendance, and would not be diſcourag'd, till they found ſhe was indifferent for all, and made no account of their ſervices. In the mean time, the Marqueſs *d' Oſſeyra* being cur'd of his Wounds, and hearing his Miſtreſs was gone, was very much afflicted with the News, and would have followed her into *France*, but for fear of diſpleaſing her. He order'd one of his Family to paſs the

Pyrenees,

Pyrenees, and carry a Letter (he gave him) to *Chriſtina*, which probably was full of tender and paſſionate Expreſſions: (I wiſh it in my power to have pleaſur'd you with the Copy.) But the Marchioneſs, his Mother, having diſcover'd the Intrigue, caus'd her Sons Confident to be ſtaid by the way, and the Letter to be burnt; and oblig'd him with fearful threats to tell her Son, his Miſtreſs was Married, and had ſacrificed his Letter to her Husband, who having read it, threw it in the fire. The paſſionate Marqueſs was ſo vext at the News, it almoſt coſt him his life: At laſt, at the perſwaſion of his Friends, he went to *Madrid*, where Ambition quickly juſtled out Love, as uſually happens to the misfortune of Ladies. Don *Philip* was better ſerv'd, for having ſent a truſty Meſſenger to *Bearne*, to know whether the News he had

heard

heard of the Marriage were true: he was inform'd ſhe was not Marry'd; and that ſhe went very often a-Hunting, as the greateſt pleaſure ſhe took. This made him think of ſtealing her; and the rather, becauſe he was of Opinion there was no winning of her by fair means: A Man of that Country, whom he gain'd by his Liberality, offer'd to be his Guide, and repreſented the matter ſo eaſie, that Don *Philip* reſolv'd to put his deſign in Execution. Accompany'd with this Man, and two others well mounted, he paſt the Mountains, and the third day in the Evening came to a Village near *Meyence*; and that leſs notice might be taken of his Arrival, he ſent the two Perſons who bore him company to lodge in another Inne: the Morrow betimes his Guide was in the Field, and brought him News that *Chriſtina* would not ſtir abroad that day;

and

and that the next day she was to visit a Kinsman, within a League of her House. Don *Philip* having inform'd himself of the way she was to take, and knowing pretty near what time she would set out, gave his Men order to advance softly, and keep the Road: a moment after he followed with his Guide, having taken his Measures so right, that he arriv'd precisely as *Christina* was passing by, attended only with a Foot-boy. As soon as Don *Philip* saw her, he was so troubled and assaulted at once with Passions of so different Natures, that he was upon the point of altering his Resolution, and begging her pardon for the rashness of his Attempt. The suddenness of the accident had a suitable effect on *Christina*, who presently suspected his design; and he as quickly put her out of doubt, when he told her as she was returning back, upon

on pretence to receive him at her Houſe, that he was come to take her back into *Spain*, where he could not live without her; aſſuring her, he would Marry her as ſoon as they got thither. *Chriſtina* by a readineſs of Wit, natural to many of her Sex, concealing her ſurprize, look'd ſmiling upon him, and told him ſhe was very ſenſible of the greatneſs of his Paſſion for her, and was ready to go back with him to *Spain*, to receive the Honour (he was pleas'd to promiſe) of being Marry'd to him; only ſhe pray'd him to allow her ſo much time as was requiſite for executing a Deſign of that Nature with decency. Don *Philip*, credulous as true Lovers are, was Charm'd at the good Fortune, to ſee himſelf not oblig'd to uſe force, but hope he might enjoy her without offering any violence: He flatter'd himſelf ſhe lov'd him;

and

and quitting a design Despair had ingag'd him in, he willingly imbraced all Expedients she propos'd. They went to *Meyrac*, where *Christina* ravish'd with joy for having escaped so great danger, made as if she were exrremely concern'd to have him well entertain'd; and under that pretence, dispatch'd two or three of her Servants, to pray three or four Neighbours to come in all hast to *Meyrac*. They all came in the Evening, and were much surpriz'd at the strangeness of the Adventure; and animated by an indiscreet Zeal, and the anger of the Mother, agreed upon resolutions very violent, and contrary to the Laws of Hospitality. But *Christina* being of the humour of most Women, who seldom hate those that love them, though they love not again, and weary already with the noyse she had made in the world, could not be induced to consent

consent to a cruel Revenge of a design undertaken for love of her, but was content to go into Don *Philip*'s Chamber, attended with some Gentlemen of the Neighbourhood, and tell him, she had no small respect for his Person, but could not yet resolve to Marry. With that she retir'd, to avoid hearing the reproaches of a Lover, who after she was gone, could not forbear complaining of her; and those who accompanied her thither, told him harshly enough, he must be gone. He return'd in a desperate mood into the Inn where he had left his People, made them get hastily on Horseback, and rode all Night, detesting his Passion no less than his Credulity. Not long after he addres's'd himself to the Duke *de S. Germain*, Viceroy of *Catalonia*, for imployment, perhaps to have the better opportunity to take revenge on the *French* for

for the ill uſage he conceived he had received from *Chriſtina*, who had her ſhare of the trouble occaſioned by this Adventure by the fright the *Spaniard* put her in, and the importunity of Suitors, whoſe Paſſion was awaken'd by the accident, and put them upon new and preſſing Addreſſes to her. Her Mother and Relations made uſe of it, to perſwade her to Marry *Marmon*, a Gentleman of great Merit, who had long endeavour'd to gain her, and had his Eſtate conveniently ſeated near hers. This buſineſs was believ'd of ſo much advantage to both, and the Relations on either ſide deſir'd it ſo earneſtly, that Articles of Marriage were drawn upon the aſſurance the Baroneſs gave to prevail with her Daughter to conſent: But *Marmon* being informed how much they preſs'd her, went to ſee her, and having complain'd of her indifference, aſ-

ſur'd her, he was ready to ſet her at liberty from any Engagement ſhe might be conceived under to him, and would endeavour to merit her by ſuch ſervices as he thought moſt acceptable to her. *Chriſtina* who had not before vouchſafed him an anſwer, obſerving his ſentiments ſo full of reſpect, declar'd to him ſhe had no averſion againſt his Perſon, though a ſtrong one againſt Marriage, and was reſolv'd to prefer her liberty before all other advantages; but if it ſhould be her fortune one day to loſe it, ſhe ſhould be glad to ſacrifice it to a perſon who appear'd ſo reaſonable. He was ſatisfi'd with her anſwer, and pray'd his Relations to ſpeak no more of the buſineſs, but give him time to win her by his ſervices. He waited on her thenceforward with a great deal of diligence, but with ſo much diſcretion (not ſpeaking a word of Love) that ſhe received

ved all his Viſits with much ſatiſfaction, and had a real Eſteem (though no Love) for him.

One Afternoon ſhe had been abroad with *Marmon* a-ſhooting Quails with a Croſs-bow without a Gun; a great Maſtiff ſet upon her Setting-Dog: ſhe preſently ran in to force the Maſtiff let go his hold, which he too quickly did upon the firſt blow ſhe gave him, and flying at her, bit her in the right Arm. *Marmon*, who was hard by, purſued the Maſtiff; and having overtaken him, preſently diſpatch'd him, though not without being bitten by him. He had ſcarce laid him dead, but he ſpy'd two or three Countrymen coming with Guns in purſuit of the Maſtiff, who told him it was a Mad Dog, and had already bit three or four. *Chriſtina* was ſo frighted at the News, ſhe was ready to ſink; and getting haſtily home, ſent for an able Phy-

sitian of the Neighbourhood, who according to the Custom of those of the Profession, made slight of the matter, and undertook to cure her in few days, and ordered her several Remedies for the purpose. *Marmon* was so transported, they doubted he would run Mad; for a long time he obstinately refused to take any thing, imagining if he could secure himself from Love, he had no reason to fear Madness, being resolved to follow the Fate of his Mistress. *Christina* being told of it, conjur'd him to use the same Remedies that she did, assuring him she was much concern'd for his health.

Some days after their hurts, there was a Report, that a Woman bit by the same Dog was run Mad, and that they were forced to smother her. They would have conceal'd this News from them; but *Christina*'s Mother having heard it, was

was ſo alarm'd, that in ſpite of the Phyſitians and their Medicines, ſhe reſolved to take her Daughter to *Bayonne*, to be dipt in the Sea, as a Soveraign Remedy in the caſe. *Marmon* would make one of the Company, more for the pleaſure of attending his Miſtreſs, than for the Cure. The morrow after their arrival, the Ladies were viſited by moſt of the Perſons of Quality in the Town. The Viſcount *Roncevil*, then at *Bayonne*, was one of the firſt to pay them his Civilities: He was of a good Family, of a haughty humour, and Meen, and had a conſiderable Eſtate in the Country of *Beſque*: But he had the intolerable vanity to think he did a Lady Honour, if he took the pains to come near her. The firſt time he ſaw *Chriſtina*, he thought her ſo Amiable, he reſolved to ſee her often; the ſecond Viſit amus'd him, and fill'd him full of Amo-

rous Inclinations: and having been a whole Week without ſeeing her, being in a Courſe of Phyſick, his Fancy had the opportunity to repreſent her to his thoughts to the utmoſt advantage. The third Viſit he made her, he went with a reſolution to declare his Love, but did it not, having not been able to find her alone; but he return'd home up to the Ears in Love, which may be reckon'd among the Triumphs of *Cupid*. The Morrow he deſir'd to ſpeak with her before eight in the Morning, but was put off till the Afternoon. The Ladies had ſcarce dined but he came in, and happily finding *Chriſtina* in her Chamber alone, he began with telling her he had brought the beſt News ſhe ever heard. This Lady, who took ſingular delight to hear News, and was paſſionately concern'd for the Progreſs of the Victorious Arms of *France*, fancy'd

ſhe

she should hear from him of some Victory in the Field, or the taking of *Cambray*, or *Valenciennes*, and was upon that account very earnest to know the News. The Viscount having a more than ordinary Confidence, and a Stranger to the fears incident to most Lovers when they are to declare their Passion to their Mistresses, never stuck to tell her, that a Person of great Merit and Birth, and as great a Fortune, admir'd her, and was resolv'd to marry her. *Christina*, who little expected such a Complement, answer'd, that how little soever he was concern'd for that Person, he would do well to advise him to think no more of that business, it being more than probable, that for all his great Quality and Fortune, he should but lose his time in Courting her. The Viscount was not discouraged at this Answer, but thinking she had not well un-

derſtood him, told her, ſhe would not be ſo indifferent, did ſhe but know the Gentlemans Name. It madded him the while to ſee her ſo incurious, and not inquiſitive who it was, and himſelf depriv'd of the occaſion he expected to have from her queſtion, to anſwer, it was he: Were it you, replies *Chriſtina* coldly, I had no more to ſay to you than what you have heard: 'Tis not poſſible, ſays the Vicount, you ſhould be ſo much your own Enemy, to refuſe ſuch a ſettlement as I propoſe to you: I have that exceſs of kindneſs for you, I will give you time to think on't, and doubt not but you will alter your mind when you have conſider'd the advantages of the offer I make you. At this another coming in, he withdrew, and came two days after to know if ſhe had thought of the propoſal he had made her: 'Twas to no purpoſe to think of it, anſwer'd ſhe, having

having nothing to add to what I ſaid to you at firſt. She ſpoke theſe words ſo unconcern'd, and with ſo much ſcorn, that the preſumptuous Vicount, not able to endure it, took his leave, and went away, telling her, ſince ſhe made ſo il uſe of his kindneſs, he could alter his humour. *Chriſtina*, to be rid of his extravagant importunities, gave order they ſhould anſwer him at the door if he came again, that ſhe was not well, and in few days return'd with her Mother to *Bearn*. Every body at *Bayonne* admir'd her, and ſpoke well of her when gone; only the Vicount *Ronceval* haughtily publiſh'd, ſhe was in Love with him, and added many ridiculous Circumſtances to make the ſtory more probable. *Chriſtina* heard of it, and was touched to the quick, though 'twas told her for her comfort, the Vicount uſually took that liberty, and that his Acquaintance

made very little accompt of it: But this would not satisfie her; she was ready to take Horse for *Bayonne* to punish his insolence, wanting neither courage nor dexterity to have satisfaction from him; nothing but the fear of giving occasion for new discourse held her back. *Marmon* having had some confused account of it, resented it with all the indignation of a passionate Lover: To be clearer informed, he goes to his Mistress, and finding her much out of humour, asked her the reason. You are the only Man in the Province (says she very seriously) that is ignorant of it. 'Tis somewhat extraordinary, a man who hath declar'd a Passion for me, should be the last that knows I have been abus'd. *Marmon* who wanted not the most delicate sentiments of a man of Honour, made her a profound Reverence, and retir'd: Two hours after he got on Horse-

back,

back, and took the Road for *Bayonne*, where he was told at his arrival, the Vicount was gone to one of his Seats in the Country a-Hunting. He resolv'd to follow him, and found him just as he was going from home to a Gentleman his Neighbour to dine with him. The first Complements past, he let the Vicount know he had busines of consequence to communicate to him, and that it would be convenient they might be private. *Ronceval* order'd his Servants to go before, and tell his friend, that he brought with him a Gentleman of *Bearn* who would be glad of being known to him. *Ronceval* and *Marmon* rode gently after, discoursing together. When the Servants were got out of sight, *Marmon* told him he was come to demand satisfaction of him for what he had said to the disadvantage of the most Charming Person on Earth. This

sur-

ſurpriz'd the Vicount, who would have turn'd all into Railery; but being preſt to take his Piſtol in hand, he anſwer'd briskly, and fought with courage enough: But whether *Marmon* were really the braver man, or that Love made him the more dextrous, he ſhot him dead upon the place, and made away to a Friends Houſe upon the Mountains, where he hid himſelf many days to ſave himſelf from the purſuit of thoſe who would have ruin'd him, by making this paſs for a Duel. *Chriſtina* expreſt her ſelf ſorry for the News, but could hardly be troubled at heart, which was ſo bitterly inrag'd againſt *Ronceval*: the only means to appeaſe it, was to make him a Victime. The heat of the firſt purſuits being over, *Marmon* longing impatiently to ſee his Miſtreſs, ſtole away privately to *Meyrac*, where he was received with all the marks of eſteem

and

and acknowledgment he could expect from *Christina*; who seeing him in trouble for a Pardon from the King, told him, it became not a man of Honour to desire it, without having deserv'd it: And since his Majesty commanded the Armies in Person, it would be an easie matter for him to make himself known to that great Prince by some signal service, which might assure him of pardon for a reward, and was the only way to gain her Heart. He was ravish'd to find her sentiments so different from the weakness of her Sex, and taking his leave, promis'd never to return till he had made it appear, he was not altogether unworthy the concern she expresst for his reputation. He order'd his Affairs at home with all possible expedition, and came to *Paris* a little before the opening of the Compagne for the *French* County. Two or three of his Friends

Friends, who were Musqueteers, spoke so well of that service, and the frequent advantages they had to signalize themselves, that he resolv'd to list himself in the second Company, where Mounsieur *Jauvell* very gladly received him, and *Marmon* as worthily serv'd him with a great deal of reputation and courage. At their return from the last conquest of that County, he gave *Christina* a particular account of what had past; and among the rest, the Death of Captain *Floris* her Kinsman. He enlarged his Letter with Elogies of the valour and conduct of the indefatigable *Lewis* the great, whose heroick actions excel and deface what History hath left upon Record of *Cæsar's* and *Alexander's*, and what Fabulous Writers have invented of imaginary Heroes; extolling in the conclusion their happiness and satisfaction who serve so brave and

vertuous

vertuous a Monarch. *Christine* ambitious of Glory was so transported with this faithful relation she forget her Sex; and taking a resolution beyond her self, or at least such as she only was capable of, espoused a design to dispute with the bravest of Men, the honour of well-serving so worthy a Master; yet found upon second thoughts so many obstacles in her way, that would have discouraged any other from executing so generous a resolution. She made the Abbot of *Dizette* her intimate Friend acquainted with her intentions; who having endeavoured (but in vain) to divert her from pursuing them, promis'd to serve her to his power; the Death of her Mother happening about that time facilitated her design, though it retarded the execution some Months. Every day some new difficulty arose, and seeing it im-

possible

possible to settle all her Affairs, she gave the Abbot a general proxy, and under pretence of following a considerable Suit at Law depending at *Grenoble*, she went thither, and having dextrously rid her self of her Country-Folks who came with her, she put her self in Mans Habit, and without having any Mercy on her delicate Hair cut it short, and with a Foot-boy newly taken, went for *Paris* under the Name of St. *Aubin*. The second days journey she overtook a Gentleman of *Provence* going to Court, who was very glad of her company; this Gentleman was Brother to the illustrious *Chevalier Fourbin*, and was so pleased with the conversation of St. *Aubin*, and took that esteem for his person, that he freely offered him his interest and his Friends to keep him to an employ proportionable to his merit. St. *Aubin* telling him he had never been in the service, but

was

was desirous to list himself a Musqueteer, he presented him to his Brother, who commands the first Company, and recommended him as affectionately as if he had been his Son.

The morrow after he was listed, the King was present at a general muster of his Guards; and the new Musqueteer appearing in the ranks was admir'd by all that observ'd him. And as if *France* could not have produced so good a Face, his Comrades sayd he was an English man and Nephew to my Lord *Douglas*; though this was but surmise, yet none were so inquisitive as to trouble themselves about the truth of it, and most believed him a stranger: One more curious than the rest, being in the same rank with *Marmon*, told him of it, and pray'd him to go see him when the first company fil'd off. *Marmon* was so astonish'd to see how

how like his Mistress the pretended Englishman was, he could not forbear telling his Friend, this Musqueteer had the meen and air of a Gentlewoman of his Country: And as soon as he returned to *Paris*, he writ a Letter to *Christina*, (whom he thought still in *Bearn*) wherein he acquainted her how much his fancy was possest with her, and every moment represented her Charms to his thoughts; and that Fortune in favour of his Love had vouchsafed him another piece of happiness by placing among the Musqueteers an English youth, who was the very Picture of her, and dissipated by his presence the trouble her absence would have given him this Campagne. St. *Aubin* having resolv'd not to discover himself to *Marmon* before the opening the Campagne, and observing he took particular Notice of him, and that it would be impossible to avoid

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Discovery long, went one day to his Quarters; and finding him alone, told him he desired to be acquainted with him, and could do no less to requite the desire he had expresst on two or three occasions to contract a Friendship with him. *Marmon* was strangely surpriz'd at the Voyce, his Heart telling him presently 'twas *Christina*, spoke to him, though his reason could hardly give him leave to believe it. St. *Aubin* smil'd which put *Marmon* out of doubt. May I credit my Eyes, says he, or is it an illusion? St. *Aubin* interrupting him declared the motives for the resolution he had taken, charging him at his peril not to discover him, and promising to be very sensible of the discretion he should shew on this occasion, and after they should have both gain'd credit in the service they would retire together and enjoy one another the rest of their

Days:

Days. *Marmon* who knew her humour, thought it to no purpose to endeavour making her alter her resolution, told her, it was a resolution worthy a noble Soul. He added a thousand obliging expressions and so very kind, St. *Aubin* told him he must alter his Language and call him Cousin; which he promis'd to do, and observed it so carefully that their Correspondency was never perceived.

The Musqueteers within few Days followed the King to *Flanders*; the Campagne (being that of the taking of *Limburg*) was so lamentably wet it would have discouraged any but St. *Aubin* from being a Souldier. *Marmon* who came often to see him as his Cousin, having entred his tent found him so weary, he could not forbear telling him how troubled he was to see him drudge in that hard service, the fatigues whereof the ablest men

men were ſcarce able to endure. His diſcourſe on this ſubject was ſo tender and paſſionate, that a Souldier who overheard them through the Tent-Cloths came briskly in, and gave them cauſe by his expreſſions to believe he ſuſpected the words he had heard *Marmon* ſpeak could not be addreſs'd but to a Maid. St. *Aubin* perceiving it anſwered, his fooliſh Coſen, there, was ſo deeply in Love he could not abſtain from diſcourſing of it, and repeating to him what he had ſaid to his Miſtreſs; and with that turning to *Marmon*, I would adviſe you Couſin to write to her, ſaith St. *Aubin*: *Marmon* anſwered, matters were not yet ripe for writing and he durſt not do it; the Souldier believed all this true, and preſently went out. St. *Aubin* took that occaſion to repreſent to *Marmon* the inconveniences might happen if he us'd Diſcourſe of that Nature, and charged

him not to speak a word to him during the Campagne, but as to his Cousin.

The News about this time was, that the Enemies fearing the approach of the King march'd further off, and retired into their Countries, giving out (to amuse the People) they would go besiege *Mastricht*. This obliged his Majesty to send thither a detachment of his Musqueteers under the command of Monsieur *Javelle*; those Gallants being all willing to go upon that service in hopes to see the Enemy quickly. To prevent discontent, the King was oblig'd to take the fourth man of every rank till they made up the number desir'd. It was St. *Aubin's* Fortune to be detach'd among the rest, and *Marmon's* to be left behind; he ran to the first Company to inquire how his Cousin sped, and to his utter vexation heard he was of the number

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ber of the detach'd. *Marmon* unwilling to part with him, pray'd ſeveral of his Comrades to give him their place, pretending he had buſineſs of Conſequence with a Captain of the Garriſon of *Maſtricht*: But he was ſo unfortunate, or thoſe Companies were compoſed of young Gentlemen ſo paſſionately ambitious of Honour, he could not find one willing to loſe ſo promiſing an occaſion to ſignalize himſelf. Part they muſt, and *Marmon* remained under ſuch a conſternation, nothing for a long time could comfort him. The mean time the detachment arriv'd at *Maſtricht*, where the Marſhal *d' Eſtrade* joyfully receiv'd them; though till then, no Souldiers had been quarter'd with the principal Burgers, on this occaſion no man was exempted.

An Officer of the Town who gave out the billets, to take away

all

all cauſe of complaint, ſaid, he would quarter a Muſqueteer at his Houſe; and having ſpy'd St. *Aubin* ſlipt into his Hand a billet for his Houſe, fancying a young man ſo handſome could not but be of a very quiet temper and complying humour. This Burger was very rich, & had to Wife one of the handſomeſt Women of the Town; and a Siſter whoſe Beauty and Fortune had made a great number of Officers her Servants. Theſe Women having heard thoſe of their acquaintance tell of the diſorders Souldiers uſually commit in their quarters, trembled at the thoughts of having one in their Houſe. But they muſt have one quartered with them, and they had taken their Fortune for the man, and reſolved to uſe him the beſt they could. St. *Aubin* coming to their Houſe with a Billet in his Hand, they came down to receive him, and were ſo pleaſingly

ſurpriz'd

ſurpriz'd with the ſight of him, (capable to move the moſt indifferent to have kindneſs for him) that they could not forbear viewing him with aſtoniſhment, and applauding in their Hearts their very good Fortune: His obliging way of Diſcourſe, and the excuſes he made that he was forc'd to trouble them, abſolutely gain'd him their Hearts. And to let him preſently ſee the eſteem they had for him, they gave him the beſt Chamber in the Houſe, though deſign'd for another. It was very richly furniſh'd, and S. *Aubin*, after long excuſes to the contrary, was forced to lye there. The Maſter of the Houſe having made proviſion of ſome Bottles of Rheniſh Wine to welcome his new Gueſt, was angry to find him as ſober at Table, as modeſt every-where elſe. S. *Aubin* had not been two days there, but his Hoſtels was deſperately in

Love with him: Her Sister *Rachel* had very kind thoughts for him, and having twice or thrice in his Company resolved to make conquest of him; her Suitors had so often told her she was amiable, and her Glass confirm'd it so well, that she doubted not of success when she should apply her self to gain Love. These two fair Ones had no other discourse but of the new Beauties they discovered every moment in the face and wit of their new Guest, and he very glad of so pretty an amusement, spent whole days at home, to divert himself with them at some little witty Games he taught them, with a penalty impos'd on those who did not well. They took occasion to commend his Complaisance before the Master of the House, who was ravish'd to find his Guest so well dispos'd, as to apply himself for their divertisement: And when

his Wife was out at play, he never fail'd for her penalty, to require her to kiss the Musqueteer; which she was so pleas'd with, she never minded her Game, that she might by her faults have the occasion to kiss him the oftner; and the Husband in good humour would sometimes say, he would excuse his Wife, should she be unfaithful to him, to pleasure a Person of so good a Meen. *Rachel*, who apply'd her self particularly to please him, was distracted to see S. *Aubin* pleas'd with those small Penances undergone with her Sister, without expressing any Preference for her, and became so jealous of him, she resolved to make him jealous too. To effect this, she sent for a Gentleman of the Garrison, who had long been in love with her. S. *Aubin* being excellent Company, was very glad to see him, and grew so intimate with him, that in a short

time the Gentleman still made one amongst them in all their divertisements. It madded *Rachel* to see S. *Aubin*, not only as unconcerned as formerly, but very earnest to have the Gentleman sent for, when he stay'd away long; so that she resolved to quarrel with him, that she might no more be troubled with him. The Musqueteer very glad of an Assistant to bear the Women company, and desirous to have him continued, when he found the difference between *Rachel* and the Gentleman, interpos'd to reconcile them. The Amorous *Rachel*, not able to deny him any thing, granted his request. The Gentleman, who notwithstanding the Civilities of his Friend, suspected he might be his Rival, was so sensible of the obligation, that he acquainted him with his Passion for *Rachel*. S. *Aubin*, in requital of the confidence, promis'd him all the service

in his power. The Sisters, the mean time, observing they were both in love with their Guest, watch'd one another narrowly, and if he chanc'd to let fall a kind expression for the one, he was presently call'd to account for it by the other: And if he stirr'd a quarter of an hour out of doors, he was to expect a strict examination at his return, what he had been a doing. Thus far they held a fair Correspondence, and conceal'd nothing from each other. The Married Sister being bolder than *Rachel*, to prevent and ingage her in her interests, or at least discourage her from daring to declare her love for S. *Aubin*, acquainted her with the kindness she had for him, desiring her assistance to make him sensible of it, when she found a favourable opportunity to do it handsomly. *Rachel* very dextrously hiding her jealousie, and glad of the discovery her Sister had made her, promis'd her

ſecreſie and aſſiſtance. Her Siſter to make advantage of the good temper ſhe appear'd in, deſir'd her to do it that very day; and told her, that to the end ſhe might hear their diſcourſe without bluſhing, and be a Witneſs of the ſervice ſhe would do her, ſhe would ſtand behind the Hanging, and take notice of all. This put *Rachel* in ſome diſorder, but ſhe muſt diſſemble and hide it the beſt ſhe can. Her Siſter had S. *Aubin* call'd up, and had poſted her ſelf behind the Hanging; and as loth as *Rachel* was to ſpeak for any but her ſelf, it muſt be done, the Muſqueteer being entred the Room. After half a quarter of an hours diſcourſe, ſhe extoll'd his merit and good meen, and told him, that having ſo many good qualities, he muſt not be ſurpriz'd to hear a handſome Woman, and one he ſaw every day had kind inclinations for him.

S. *Aubin* musing at this, *Rachel* told him, he need only take good notice of her Sister, and he might read in her looks the truth of what she said. S. *Aubin* tyr'd with their forwardness which he had hitherto wittily diverted, answer'd her in general, that from the day he first came to their House, he found himself extremely oblig'd to both the Sisters, and wish'd himself in a better condition to express his acknowledgments. *Rachel* would have broken off there, but remembring her Sister was near, she press'd further, to draw him to a more positive answer; and to bring him to't, magnifi'd the Charms of her Sister: You are pleas'd to be merry, says S. *Aubin*; but since we are fallen on this Subject, you will give me leave to inform you of a Passion as Real, as that you tell me of is Imaginary. *Rachel* making no doubt but he spoke of himself,

was mortally afraid her Rival ſhould hear the Declaration ſhe thought he would make: And to ſave her the trouble of it, would have preſently withdrawn, but for fear of diſcouraging him, ſhe alter'd her mind. Her Brother coming luckily in, help'd her out of the perplexity ſhe was in, but not out of the impatience ſhe was under, to hear the Declaration expected. Not long after ſhe found him alone, and inſenſibly fell into the diſcourſe he begun when the Brother interrupted them. S. *Aubin* very glad to ſerve his Friend, ſpoke ſo much to the Gentlemans advantage, and deſcrib'd to the Life the Paſſion he had for her, that *Rachel* could not forbear ſighing out; Cruel man that you are, how is it poſſible you that have ſo little ſenſe of Love, ſhould ſo powerfully perſwade others to it? She was ſo aſham'd, having let fall theſe words, that ſhe retir'd, without

out giving him time to anſwer; and griev'd at heart for his inſenſibility, ſhe gave free paſſage to her tears, the uſual comfort of thoſe of her Sex. Her Siſter, who ſtudied every moment how to conquer his obſtinate indifference, thought to do it by her liberality. S. *Aubin* not ſo well able to diſguize as his Sex, or not ſo careful to do it, had often ſaid he admir'd the rare Workmanſhip of ſome Table-Linnen ſhe had ſhown him: She preſented him with it; and though he made very ſhy of accepting it, ſhe pray'd him ſo earneſtly, on pretence he might have need of it in the Army, that ſhe forc'd him to take it. After this ſhe would have made another Preſent of a Locket of Diamonds, which ſhe could not perſwade him to receive, but he could not refuſe a very curious Toilette *Rachel* beſtow'd on him. There was news about that time,

that the Commander of the Muſqueteers had Order from the King to lead his Detachment to *Paris*. This put *Rachel* and her Siſter in a fearful Conſternation: the Latter was pretty well ſatisfi'd, becauſe her Rival being the handſomer and younger, had met with no better Fortune than ſhe: But *Rachel* was ſo troubled at it, the very thoughts of S. *Aubin*'s abſence almoſt diſtracted her; and judging no miſfortune equal to that of loſing him, ſhe caſt about how to keep him near her. The Orders for their marching ſuddenly away afflicted her extremely; for believing ſhe had Fortune large enough to make her a Muſqueteers Wife, ſhe made no doubt but S. *Aubin* would gladly marry her, could ſhe but have time to gain her Friends conſent, who were already under ſome Ingagement of marrying her to a young man of *Amſterdam*, and very

ry conſiderable. But not daring to expoſe her Love to the uncertain ſucceſs of a haſty Negotiation, ſhe took a reſolution, the moſt hardy and bold a perſon of her Sex could be capable of; and pray'd her Brother to go along with her to her Uncle who was her Guardian. Being alone with them two, who were her neareſt Relations, and intruſted to diſpoſe of her, ſhe fell down at their feet; and having endeavour'd to ſweeten them by a Preamble not much to the purpoſe, ſhe declar'd to them ſhe had been ſo unfortunate, as to yield to S. *Aubin*, upon his Promiſe to Marry her, but was afraid he would leave her without making her his Wife: that ſhe had rather die than live diſhonour'd, and begg'd their pardon, and that at the ſame time they would diſpatch her out of the World, or afford her their neceſſary aſſiſtances to make him repair her Honour.

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The Brother having a real eſteem for S. *Aubin*, could have been very well content to have him for his Brother-in-law, and excus'd his Siſter ſo well, that the Uncle who had threatned to forſake her, joyn'd with them to agree upon the means to ſettle the Affair. *Rachel* blind with Paſſion, told them the only way to do it, was to ſurprize them a-bed together, and perſwade or force him preſently to marry her. This appear'd ſo eaſie, they promis'd to do it; and having agreed of the time to put it in execution, *Rachel* at the hour went into S. *Aubin*'s Chamber, and having found him a-bed (as ſhe had forecaſt) ſhe threw off her Night-gown, and laid her by him, telling him, if he thought her too forward in doing thus, he muſt thank himſelf, who had put her in a condition to conſider neither what was decent nor reaſonable.

able. S. *Aubin* would have got out of Bed, and would not have been ſtaid there, but for the noyſe the Uncle and Brother made as they entred the Chamber with Piſtols in their Hands: they came to the Bed-ſide and having drawn the Curtain, found to their aſtoniſhment the Bed-fellows were both of a Sex; and *Rachel* perceiving her miſtake in having lov'd a Woman, under the diſguize of a Muſqueteer, was amaz'd to that extremity, ſhe could hardly be brought to her ſelf: But convinc'd by Experience, ſhe confeſt to her Relations, that the fear ſhe had to loſe that lovely Maid, whom ſhe thought a Man, had ſeiz'd her with that violence, that to aſſure her ſelf of him, ſhe forced her ſelf to declare he had robb'd her of her Honour. S. *Aubin* confounded at the adventure, inſtantly beg'd them to keep it ſecret, telling them how much

much he was concern'd it should not be discover'd; and adding, he would be reveng'd of them if they divulg'd it. They were oblig'd to silence by common interest, and the Musqueteers marching away the next day, S. *Aubin* saw himself at liberty, and well-rid of the Railleries and Reproaches of his Hostesses.

At his return to *Paris*, he saw *Marmon*, who long'd for his coming; and to please him, S. *Aubin* made him a faithful Relation of what he had seen since parting, not forgetting the least Circumstance of what happen'd at *Maestricht*. *Marmon* took occasion to renew his request, that she would save her self those toilsome Fatigues, and appear in a habit suitable to her Sex, if she could not resume the inclinations proper to it. S. *Aubin* to oblige him, promised after one Campagne more to retire, being

ing unwilling to quit the ſervice without ingaging an Enemy, for which this Campagne had not afforded opportunity.

S. *Aubin* being quarter'd at the *Hoſtel de Noſtre Dame*, the Baron of *Quincy*, who lodg'd there, ſurpriz'd at the good account S. *Aubin* gave of the Campagne, deſir'd to be acquainted with him; and having made ſome Overtures for the purpoſe, found the Muſqueteer ſo glad of it, that they became very good Friends. The Baron little acquainted with the women of *Paris*, went to a *Flemiſh* Ladies Houſe who attended a Suit of Law there, and preſenting S. *Aubin* to her as a Perſon of Merit, ſpoke much to his advantage. This Lady being the Marchioneſs *de Belabre*, judging all other things ſuitable to S. *Aubin*'s good Meen, received him very kindly, and gave the Baron thanks for bringing him to her.

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The Lady was so pleas'd with this first Visit, that S. *Aubin* return'd frequently thither, sometimes with the Baron, and often without him, much delighted with the Ingenious Conversation of the Marchioness. These Visits gave him opportunity of being acquainted with two or three Gentlemen of the best Quality; it was the time of the *Carnaval*, and one night they desir'd the Marchioness to go to a Ball: She refus'd it at first, as a thing improper for one Lady to go along with three men. One presently told her, she need only dress S. *Aubin* in Maids Habit, which could not chuse but become him well enough, being so pretty a Youth. This was so generally approv'd, that the Marchioness presently took S. *Aubin* by the hand, led him into her Wardrobe, where she gave him a Maids Habit very fit for him, and went out to

give

give S. *Aubin* time to dreſs himſelf, and return'd by and by to put him on a Tour. This Dreſs appeared ſo natural and agreeable to his Countenance and Stature, that the Marchioneſs and Gentlemen admir'd it. They went to ſeveral Balls, and were very well received. They were told there was one at Mounſieur *Strasbourg*'s, where was very good Company; thither they went, and found ſo great a number of Perſons of Quality, they could ſcarce get entrance. Mounſieur *Strasbourg*, who had heard talk of the Marchioneſs of *Belabre*, and was told it was ſhe, received her with a great deal of Civility; and ſeeing her Companion very handſome, he ſpoke to one of the Company to take her forth to Dance, which ſhe did ſo well, that the Marchioneſs and her Company were mightily ſurpriz'd. Every one took her for a *Flemin*,

and

and made no further inquiry. The Baron of *Angoſſe* being at this Ball, remembred he had ſeen her at *Bayonne*; and having taken a ſtrict view of her, knew her to be *Mademoiſelle de Meyrac*: He came to her, and Complemented, telling her how glad he was to ſee her at *Paris*. As ready as her Wit was, ſhe could not forbear bluſhing a little; yet ſhe anſwer'd confidently enough, ſhe underſtood not his meaning, and that he was certainly miſtaken. *D' Angoſſe* begg'd her pardon, and retir'd. The Marchioneſs, and the Gentleman who Uſher'd her, laugh'd at the Adventure, and were extremely well pleas'd at the good ſucceſs of S. *Aubin*'s diſguize. *D' Angoſſe* perceiving they laught at his miſtake, and concern'd to find the truth, went down to inquire for the Marchioneſſes ſervants, and having found one of them, pray'd him to

let

let him know the Gentlewomans Name who was with his Lady. The *Fleming* for anſwer laugh'd in his face, and ſo heartily, 'twas long e're he could ſpeak: At length he told him, 'twas a Boy in Maids Habit. *D'Angoſſe* return'd to the Dancing-room, and making up cloſe to that handſome Perſon, told him he had now learnt what he was; but that all who ſaw him in that Habit, and knew the Gentlewoman he had ſpoken to him of, would have certainly miſtaken him for her; and that if he were minded to divert himſelf, he might meet with many pleaſant Adventures, if he would go in that Habit to ſome Ladies of *Bearn*, where he offer'd to conduct him. S. *Aubin* thank'd him, and ſaid very coldly, he was not of an humour to deceive any body. Preſently after the Ball ended, and all return'd. The Marchioneſs was ſo pleas'd

with

with this Nights Adventures, ſhe pray'd the Gentlemen, eſpecially S. *Aubin*, to come again, and go on the like Frolick. But *Marmon* having heard by one of his Countrymen, that there was ſeen at a Ball a young *Fleming*, the very Picture of *Chriſtina*, and that ever ſince two Gentlemen of *Bearn* run with *D' Angoſſe* all over the Town, from one Ball to another, to meet him, he went to his Couſin S. *Aubin*'s to carry him the news. S. *Aubin*, to diſabuſe him, acquainted him with all that paſt at Mounſieur *Strasbourg*'s; and that he might handſomely diſingage himſelf from viſiting the Marchioneſs, he feign'd himſelf ſick. By this time *Lent* was come, and preparation muſt be made for the Campagne. The King, notwithſtanding the rigour of the ſeaſon, ſet out the fifth of *April* to beſiege *Conde*, and the Morrow after he arriv'd in the

Camp,

Camp, the Trenches were open'd. Three days after, the Musqueteers were commanded to take a half-Moon, and behaved themselves so bravely, that having beat off the Enemy, they entred the Town, which was taken by Assault, and not by Composition, as many believ'd. His Majesties Clemency (who was content to make the Troops he found in Garrison Prisoners of War, without taking the advantages of Victory against those unfortunate persons who did their duty very well) rais'd that report. S. *Au'in* and *Marmon* signaliz'd themselves in this service; the former received a slight wound in the Arm, and *Marmon* had the good fortune to take Prisoner an *Italian* Captain, whom he seiz'd by his hair: And having been shot in the Arm, he held him fast with the other, and brought him to the King, who was at the head of the Trenches.

ches. His Majeſty having commended the Action, promis'd to have a particular care of his Fortune, and ordered they ſhould be very careful of his cure.

The Morrow all the wounded Men were carried to *Fournay*, and *Marmon* much more troubled for his Couſin's Wound then his own, had the ſatisfaction to ſee it was not dangerous; and St. *Aubin* told him he would not have gone to *Fournay* but to take care of him, expreſſing extreme ſatisfaction to have been an Eye-witneſs of his valour in this action. *Marmon* taking advantage of ſo favourable an occaſion, minded St. *Aubin* of his promiſe to recompence his perſeverance if ſupported by ſome glorious action. St. *Aubin* without giving him leave to finiſh, pray'd him only to have a care of being cur'd as ſoon as poſſible, aſſuring him he was very ſenſible of his misfortune,

fortune, and had a very great eſteem for him, adding (for his comfort) other very obliging Diſcourſe. *Marmon* was ſo well pleaſed with it, thoſe that ſaw him ſaid he was viſibly much better: However it was his fate to dye two days after, as moſt of thoſe did who had been hurt at the ſiege, though their Wounds appeared not dangerous. S. *Aubin* who was almoſt well of his Wound was ſo troubled for *Marmons* Death, that he reſolved to continue in the ſervice to avoid the reproaches of *Marmons* Friends who knew St. *Aubin* had engaged him to liſt himſelf a Souldier, and would certainly lay the loſs of him to his charge. The grief this put him to, occaſioned by ſome inclination and a great deal of eſteem and acknowledgment he had for *Marmon*, retarded his cure and kept him long at *Fournay*.

The Baron of *Quincy* having commiſſion

commission to raise a Regiment of Horse at *Fournay*, met St. *Aubin* at the Governours; where he shewed him a great deal of civility, and finding him somewhat unwilling to go again among the Musqueteers because of his Cousin's Death, offer'd him a Company in his Regiment. S. *Aubin* accepted it, and assisted the Colonel in making the Levies, the Regiment was not long in raising; the Baron who for good Reasons had lately quitted the service of *Spain*, having given notice to the Officers of his Regiment in Garrison at *Mons*, that he was raising a new one for the service of *France*, and those under his command when he served *Spain*, were so satisfied with his person and conduct, that most of the Troops and several of the Officers deserted the *Spaniard* to meet their Colonel at *Fournay*. This Regiment being composed of Men of that Country,

who

who were better acquainted then ſtrangers with the Roads, was frequently imployed upon parties: they acquitted themſelves ſo well, that they never fail'd of certain news of the Enemy upon occaſion. S. *Aubin* always ambitious of Glory, having had good ſucceſs in two or three parties, never fail'd to make one among them though he were not commanded. The *Spaniards* vext at the advantages daily gain'd by the *French* parties, eſpecially thoſe of *Quincy's* Regiment, that the Governour of *Valenciennes* had order to lay an ambuſcade for them; and did it ſo effectually, that of a party of thirty nine Troopers commanded by a Lieutenant, twenty two were taken, and the reſt kill'd or fled. S. *Aubin* who ſerv'd there as a Volunteer was one of the Priſoners; they were all carried to the Army, where the Duke *De Villa Hermoſa* who was

gone to *Bruſſels* had left the Marqueſs *D' Oſſeyra* general of the Artillery Commander in chief in his abſence. The Marqueſs called a Council of War, to adviſe what ſhould be done to the Priſoners, ſeveral of which, and particularly the Lieutenant, who commanded them were known to be deſerters. It was reſolved the Troopers (on condition they would ſerve *Spain* anew) ſhould be pardoned, as having been debauch'd by their Officers. But as for the Officers, for terrour to others, they were all condemned to be hang'd as deſerters. S. *Aubin* though not taken in that quality, was carried away as involv'd in the condemnation, the Troopers having declared he was an Officer: The Councel being broke up, they ſent a confeſſor to every one of the condemn'd. St. *Aubin* was frightned at the horror of ſo ſhameful a Death, and to eſcape,

eſcape it, was upon the point of declaring who he was; yet he could not find in his Heart to expoſe himſelf to be laught at by the whole Army, his modeſty prevailing over her fear; he prepared for Death with an heroick courage. The Army was drawn up in *Batalia*, and theſe unfortunate Priſoners were brought to the Gibbet: the Lieutenant being hang'd, S. *Aubin* frightned at the apprehenſion of ſo infamous a Death, deſired to ſpeak with the General, who to give reputation to ſo exemplary a puniſhment countenanced it with his preſence. The Marqueſs approached him, and ſurprized at the good meen of the criminal, whoſe face he thought himſelf not altogether a ſtranger to, he heard him with compaſſion. St. *Aubin* ſo clearly made out the injuſtice they would have done him, by violating the Law of War in his perſon, who

had never been in the ſervice of *Spain*, that the Officers fearful of like uſage if taken by the *French*, began to murmure. The Marqueſs perceiving it, and unwilling a Mutiny ſhould rob him of the Glory of ſaving S. *Aubin*, haſten'd the ſetting him at liberty.

The Army was ſo ſatisfi'd with this piece of Juſtice, ſcarce any Officer of Note but waited on the Marqueſs to give him thanks: And as we uſually love thoſe we have oblig'd, the General was ſo pleas'd with his ſaving S. *Aubin*, that he took him to his Quarters, and finding he had all Accompliſhments of a Perſon of Quality, he kept him in his Houſe, and treated him with all the kindneſs and eſteem he could have ſhew'd the beſt of his Friends. The Marqueſs being the ſame who had been in Love with *Chriſtina* at *Saragoſa*, was ſo chang'd ſince that time, and ſo diſguiz'd

diſguiz'd by his great *Spaniſh* Muſtaches, that S. *Aubin* at preſent knew no more of him but the Name: But afterwards having recollected himſelf, he found his Deliverer was the ſame who had been his Ancient Comrade, and firſt Lover. He was ſo pleas'd to owe his life to this Illuſtrious Marqueſs, that he reſolv'd to ſtick to him, and forbear writing, to undeceive his Friends who had heard he was dead. The Marqueſs alſo remembring S. *Aubin* had much of the Ayr of *Chriſtina*, & asking if he were not related to her, for fear of being diſcover'd, he confeſt he was his Brother. The Marqueſs imbrac'd him, and with a deep ſigh ſaid, he could never forget his Siſter, though ſhe had given him cauſe enough, in making the Letter he had written to her a Sacrifice to her Husband; and that he could never have reſolved with

himſelf to love any other, till he had heard of her Marriage.

The memory of *Chriſtina*, the Merit of S. *Aubin*, and particularly his ſpeaking *Spaniſh* ſo well, procur'd him every day new marks of the generoſity of the Marqueſs. The Generals ſoon after marched towards *Bruſſels*, and the Marqueſs *D' Oſſeyra* being in Love with the Counteſs of *Benavidez*, a young *Spaniſh* Lady, newly arriv'd with her Husband in *Flanders*, went frequently to her Houſe, and would oblige her by bringing her a *French* Gentleman, who was excellent Company, and a great Maſter of the *Spaniſh* Tongue. The Counteſs, who ſeldom ſaw any *French*, was ſo pleas'd with the Novelty and handſom Meen of the Gentleman, that ſhe received him very kindly; and having told him ſhe was extremely deſirous to learn a little *French*, and S. *Aubin* having as frankly offer'd to teach it her,

ſhe pray'd him to come to her every day at an hour. The Marqueſs making no doubt but S. *Aubin* might be very ſerviceable to him in his Amour, made him acquainted with it, and conjur'd him to do him this piece of ſervice with all the zeal and diligence in his power, in confidence he would be extremely ſenſible of the obligation. This was enough for S. *Aubin*, who beſides the tye of gratitude he was under, felt in himſelf a violent inclination to undertake for his Friend the moſt difficult Enterprize. In the mean time, he thought he had ſeen the Counteſs before; but not daring to truſt his Eyes, nor relye on her Teſtimony, he ask'd an old Chamber-Maid if her Miſtreſs had ever been at *Saragoſa*: When ſhe anſwer'd the Counteſs was born there, and that ſhe was the Daughter of Don *Franciſco Cortes*. S. *Aubin* was convinc'd he

was not miſtaken, when he took her for *Zeraphine*, his good Friend, and pretended Miſtreſs, in the Convent of *Urſuline*'s. The Counteſs too, ſhe thought ſhe had ſeen a Perſon that had the Air of that Gentleman, but not being ſure of it, ſhe never ſpoke to him of it: Beſides, ſhe was ſo taken with him, ſhe would have been troubled had ſhe found out her miſtake. The Paſſion of the Marqueſs increaſed daily; it rejoyced his heart to ſee S. *Aubin* return'd to bring him News of his Scholar; and when he perceived him high in her favour, he declar'd to him the violence of his Paſſion, and intreated him to imploy for his advantage the Credit he had with her. S. *Aubin*, who was deadly afraid of the Progreſs of this Paſſion, did all he could to divert his Friend from it, giving him very clear Reaſons how improbable it was to gain the affe-

ctions

ctions of a Lady, who had to her Husband so lovely and handsome a Gentleman as the Count *Benavidez*, and lov'd him intirely. But the difficulties he endeavour'd to represent to the Marquess, prov'd but Oyl to his Flames, and S. *Aubin* could not avoid promising him all the service in his power: But the endeavours he us'd in favour of his Friend, produc'd a contrary effect; for the young Countess having strong inclinations for S. *Aubin*, found her Passion increase by his frequent Visits: this set her mind a roving, and she took that pleasure to look upon him as he taught her her Lessons, that she was a whole Week learning the Verb *Aimer, to Love*. And making as if she thought it a very pretty word, but hard to be remembred, she spent several hours in making her Master repeat the first Person of it, *I Love*. She affected this

repetition ſo often, that S. *Aubin* believ'd ſhe loved him in good earneſt, and reſolv'd to apply himſelf to pleaſe her, to prevent her anſwering the Paſſion of the Marqueſs, and incline him to quit it, by letting him ſee ſhe could love another. Fortune afforded him an occaſion, which contributed very much to heighten the Paſſion of the Counteſs, and the good Opinion ſhe already had of her Maſter. One of the Counteſſes Women being grievouſly tormented with the Toothach, and fancying all Strangers skilful in one Myſtery or other, apply'd her ſelf to S. *Aubin*, and with incredible confidence, and a moſt aſſur'd Faith, pray'd remedy from him. He preſently anſwer'd, he could infallibly cure her: And having touch'd the aking Tooth with his Fingers end, and ſaid two or three barbarous words, whether this Maid was cur'd

cur'd by Conceit, or that her pain naturally ceaſed, ſhe came to give him thanks for having wrought her Cure. The Counteſs wondering at the quick effect of the Remedy he had uſ'd, took that occaſion to commend him who had apply'd it, who having the knowledge of ſuch conſiderable ſecrets conceal'd with ſo much modeſty. S. *Aubin* taking advantage of her Credulity, told her, he knew many ſecrets far more conſiderable; and that by looking in on ones hand, he could tell all that ſhould happen to that perſon: Women are naturally curious. This Lady adding impatience to her curioſity, pray'd him inſtantly to look in her hand, and tell her what he knew by it. S. *Aubin*, without further intreaty, fixt his eye upon it, and having long been this Ladies Confident in *Spain*, and known her privat'ſt inclinations, he eaſily told her an infinite

nite number of things that appear'd admirable to her, by his giving her an account of the particulars of ſeveral Adventures of her life; and above all, how ſhe had been in danger of puniſhment for a Crime ſhe had not committed, & of being buried alive as a Proſtitute Veſtal. The Counteſs was extremely ſurpriz'd at every word he ſaid, and when he had done ſpeaking, ſhe confeſt all he had ſaid was very true. This was not ſufficient to ſatisfie her curioſity; ſhe had no ſooner heard what was paſt, but ſhe was willing to know what was to come, and conjur'd him with that earneſtneſs to tell her what ſhould befal her, that he was oblig'd to promiſe the doing it another day, praying her to allow him a little time to think on't: But upon condition ſhe ſhould keep it private, without ſaying a word of it, for he had no mind to be taken

for

for a man that medled in ſuch matters. Things being thus agreed, he preſently withdrew, and ſhortly after went into the Marqueſſes Chamber, where he found him buſie writing a Letter to the Counteſs, which he pray'd S. *Aubin* to read, and tell him what he thought of it. It was in *Spaniſh*, but ſo well expreſt, it is impoſſible to tranſlate it, without loſing much of the Beauty and Energy of the Original. Let it ſuffice, that we know 'twas well writ, and that the Marqueſs would have put it upon his Friend to deliver it. S. *Aubin*, though very loth to undertake it, could not refuſe him, but repreſented ſo dextrouſly the inconveniences that would attend his preſenting it, and made the Marqueſs ſo ſenſible how fearful he was it would too much diſcover his being ingag'd in his favour, and deprive him of the means to do him more

more conſiderable ſervices, that the Marqueſs was convinc'd, and found another expedient for conveying the Letter to his Miſtreſs, who thought the time long while *S. Aubin* return'd, not only for the pleaſure ſhe took in his Company, but the paſſionate deſire ſhe had to know her Fortune. S. *Aubin* came at the uſual hour to teach her her Leſſon, but before ſhe would fall to it, her Curioſity muſt be ſatisfied. S. *Aubin* was prepar'd what to ſay, and being concern'd, to divert her from entertaining kind thoughts for the Marqueſs, he reſolved to diſſwade her from loving him, upon pretence the Stars were againſt it: And having aſſur'd her of very high Fortune, and Honours proportionable, he told her the Planets threatned her with a miſfortune of being twice ſuſpected to hold ſcandalous Correſpondence, and that the ſuſpition would be ſo

ſtrong,

ſtrong, ſhe ſhould be in danger of her life, but that ſhe ſhould at laſt appear Innocent, and more glorious for her ſufferings: But are you ſure, ſays the Counteſs, I ſhall not loſe my life? Mine for yours, Madam, anſwers *S. Aubin*; and I obſerve you have already eſcap'd one of your dangers, and I ſee nothing can diſturb your happineſs, but the like influence of your Planet that threatens you at preſent. This ſignifies, as the Rules of my Art tells me, that a Perſon of Quality of your Country ſhall be in love with you, and do extraordinary things to pleaſe you, and make you ſenſible of his Paſſion; and if he prevails, you are to expect a long Train of misfortunes and diſaſters. The Counteſs judging of what he ſaid ſhould happen, by what ſhe had heard him ſay of what was paſt, never doubted the truth of his Prediction, and reſolved never to love

Spaniard but her Husband. Two days after, the Marqueſs having found a means to have his Letter delivered, was not a little ſurpriz'd to ſee ſhe had ſent it back, without having read it, but expreſt great indignation for his boldneſs. You cannot imagine how much the Marqueſs was troubled at the ill Fortune of his Letter; and not knowing what other comfort to have, went in ſearch of his Friend to make his complaint to him, and deſire his advice. S. *Aubin* glad at heart for the good iſſue of the Game he had plaid, bid him not be diſcourag'd: And to let him ſee how much he was concern'd for him, he offered to make the Counteſs and him very good Friends again. The poor diſtreſſed Marqueſs was ſo pleas'd with the thoughts of the promis'd Accommodation, that S. *Aubin* to oblige him went to the Counteſs, and pray'd her to be recon-

reconcil'd, and receive him into favour, aſſuring her, that the Billet ſhe fancy'd ſo Criminal, contain'd only four Verſes. 'Tis eaſie for thoſe who are belov'd, to perſwade; the Counteſs, who had paſſionate kindneſs for S. *Aubin*, granted his requeſt: And to give him a freſh inſtance of her Complaiſance, ſhe promis'd to admit of his Friends Excuſes, as ſhe very well might, being really not much offended with him. The Marqueſs made ſeveral ſorry Excuſes, which paſt for good; but the diſorder he appear'd in, gave the Counteſs a clearer account of what was written in the Billet, than the reading of it would have done: And had ſhe not been too much poſſeſt with the fear of S. *Aubin*'s Predictions, ſhe had manag'd this Affair to better advantage: But her fear made her ſtand upon her Guard, and avoid all occaſions of being found alone

alone with the Marquess, or giving him opportunity to acquaint her with his passion. S. *Aubin* appear'd every day more lovely than other, and she made discovery of so many good qualities in him, that she could not forbear praising him in her Husbands presence; who having observ'd the pleasure his Wife took in speaking of him, and sometimes very little to the purpose, and oftner far than she was aware of, he began to suspect: And having watch'd the Countess more narrowly, he found this Stranger, under pretence of teaching his Wife *French*, was grown very familiar with her. Jealousie made the most Innocent Actions appear Criminal, and the Count resolv'd to break off their Acquaintance: But having liv'd very lovingly with his Wife, he was unwilling to express his Resentments, but took a time to tell her,

her, that though he had a good Opinion of her Conduct, he fear'd the *Spaniſh* Ladies would not think well of it: And ſince ſhe had a mind to learn *French*, 'twere better for her to take a *French* Woman into her Family. The Counteſs was extremely diſpleas'd at the advice, though ſhe made as if ſhe approv'd it; but though ſhe promis'd to follow it, ſhe continued taking her Leſſons from S. *Aubin*; telling the Count, 'twas only that ſhe might not forget what ſhe had learnt, while ſhe could provide her ſelf of a Maid. It went againſt the heart of her to part with a Maſter that pleas'd her ſo well; and becauſe ſhe was under a neceſſity to obey, ſhe reſolved to make uſe of her time. As ſoon as S. *Aubin* return'd to her, ſhe acquainted him with the Jealouſie of the Count her Husband, and that ſhe had never given him cauſe

to

to ſuſpect her Conduct. Her duty fortifi'd by a ſtrong inclination for him, having always made her abhor all unfaithfulneſs to him: Yet ſhe never thought to have found her reſolutions ſo ineffectual, but ſhe ſaw her ſelf under the neceſſity of yielding to an inclination involuntary and long-check'd, but in vain. S. *Aubin* relying on the modeſty of the Lady, thought it the duty of a Civil Gentleman to take advantage of her diſorder, by preſſing her a little faintly: But he found her ſo unexpectedly coming and kind, that he ſmarted for the ſmall advances he made, and ſaw he muſt uſe clearer and more paſſionate expreſſions. And as the Lady, unwilling her Compliance ſhould be wholly uſeleſs, and thrown away upon him, reproached him with ingratitude for the favour ſhe had ſhew'd him. The Count having heard all behind

hind a Hanging, came forth with his Poniard in his hand to ſtab his Wife, if S. *Aubin* with laying his hand on his Sword had not hinder'd him by a vigorous reſiſtance; and ſeeing the Count ready to go call in his Servants to his Aid, choſe rather to hazard the diſcovery of his Sex, than expoſe that unfortunate Lady to ſo many inconveniences, and himſelf to ruine. He pray'd him (before he would make any more noyſe, or call in his People) to have the patience to hear him a moment: And to convince him he had ſomething conſiderable to ſay to him, he laid his Sword at his feet, and himſelf at his diſcretion. The Generous *Spaniard* ſeeing his Enemy diſarm'd, became more tractable, and permitted him to ſpeak. S. *Aubin* told him, it was for the Counteſſes Intereſt and his, the Count ſhould be unde-

undeceived, by the diſcovery of a ſecret he had reſolved to conceal all his Life. With that S. *Aubin* declar'd himſelf to be a Woman; and that in *Spain*, under her true Name *Chriſtina*, ſhe was intimately acquainted with the Counteſs, and her very good Friend; that ſince that a violent paſſion for Arms had ingag'd her in the Kings ſervice in the Wars, which was ſo agreeable to her inclination, that ſhe hop'd he was too Generous to diſcover the ſecret ſhe acquainted him with, when ſhe had declar'd to him the conſequence of it. The Count could hardly be ſatisfied with the bare words of *Chriſtina*; but his Lady upon hearing the ſtory, and Name of *Chriſtina*, having recovered her Spirits, and taking advantage of her Huſbands diſorder, perſwaded him ſhe very well knew who *Chriſtina* was; and having reproached him

for

for the ill Opinion had of her Conduct, ſhe took her turn to run into paſſion; and her anger which her Husband thought real, and ſeveral other Circumſtances a great deal more true, eſpecially the Relation of what paſt in the Convent, put an end to all his ſuſpitions. He begg'd his Wives pardon, and thought, in favour of her Chaſtity, he remembred ſeveral particulars he had never heard of. He went out, to give them time to come to themſelves again, out of the fear he had put them in. The Counteſs being recovered of the fright ſhe had been in for her Gallant, and her ſelf continued a while under a grievous Confuſion to find her ſelf deceived: however, ſhe expreſt her ſelf very joyful to ſee her old Friend, but not without reproaching her; for that by concealing her Name,

ſhe

ſhe had expos'd her to weakneſſes, no other in the World could have made her fall into. S. *Aubin* was ſo perplext, he knew not what to anſwer. The Marqueſs, in the mean time, not able to Maſter his Paſſion for the Counteſs, whom he hop'd to work upon by his perſeverance, and the aſſiſtance of his Friend, had by his Liberalities gained one of her Women, who gave him an account of all that paſt in the Houſe: And having obſerv'd S. *Aubin* uſing his Miſtreſs with a familiarity unfit for any other perſon, ſhe thought it might be an acceptable ſervice to the Marqueſs, if ſhe watch'd them more narrowly. S. *Aubin* coming one day to the Counteſſes before ſhe was up, was ſent for into her Chamber, and made ſit on her Bed; and that they might diſcourſe more freely, the Counteſs bid

bid her Maids quit the Room. This liberty, though ordinary in *France*, appear'd to the Marquesses Pensioner so Criminal in a *Spanish* Lady, that she thought he would be very well pleas'd to know it, and went instantly to tell it him. The Marquess no less Jealous than Amorous, was so surpriz'd at the story, he was vext at the heart; and his Jealousie perswading him more than he had heard, he resolved to be reveng'd upon his Trayterous Friend for all the ill usage he had received from his Mistress, not doubting but he had contributed a great deal to it. A secret inclination, he knew not the cause of, but attributed to the remains of Respect and Kindness he still had for the Brother of a person he had lov'd above any, render'd his resolutions uncertain and ineffectual.

Yet calling to mind how he had oblig'd him, and made him his Confident, and that S. *Aubin* had upon his word ingaged to do him the best service he could with the Countess, he thought no Resentment too severe for a Traytor. But not finding in his heart to violate the Law of Nations, by taking a Revenge unworthy his Quality and Honour, he resolv'd to fight him fairly, in hopes to disarm him; and without further punishment, than to reproach him with his ingratitude. Having met him an hour after, he fell upon him briskly, without making any words. S. *Aubin* defended himself, but as a Man who would only ward off the blows of his Adversary, without doing him hurt. The Marquess making at him, with design to seize his Sword, dangerously wounded him. Upon that they were

were parted, and the Count *Benavidez* coming in, order'd S. *Aubin* to be carried home to his Houſe; and fearing his Wound more dangerous than it prov'd, he could not forbear ſending for the Marqueſs, and telling him the Name and Sex of the Perſon whoſe life he had indanger'd.

FINIS.